Collected in the Original Irish from the Lins of Irish Story Tellers.

Greyright, 1802, by Jeremiah Curtia

TWELFTH TALE,

Art, the King's Son, and Bater Betmenach. Two Sons-in-Law of King Under the Wave,

The King of Leinster was at war for twenty years, and conquered all before him. He had named Art, and when the wars were ver this son was troubled, because he could find no right bride for himself. No princess could suit him or his father, for they wanted an only daughter. In this trouble they went

to the old druid. "Walt," said the druid. "fill I read my book of enchantment, and then I will tell you where

to find such a woman.

He read his book, but could find no account of an only daughter of the right age and staion. At last the druid said to the King: "Proclaim over all Frin that if any man knows of such a princess he is to come to this

eastle and tell you."

The King did as the druid advised. Atlong last a sailor walked the way and went to the King: "I know, said he, "of the woman you

Who is she? asked the King. "The only daughter of the King of Greece.

and she is beautiful. But it is better to keep your son at home than to send him abroad, for here is no man who could not find a good w fe in Frin." Art would not listen to this advice, but said:

'I will go and get that one."

ext morning he made ready, took farewell of his father, and away he went on his jour-ney. He rode a fine steed to the seashore. there he took a ship, and nothing more is told of him till he landed in Greece. The King of Greece received Art with great welcome, gave least of seven days in his honor, and sent heralds throughout the city declaring that any man who would fall asleep till the end of the even days would have the head swept off his

Silk and satin were spread under Art's feet and respect of every kind shown him. He was entertained seven days, and at last, when the King didn't ask what journey he was on, he

"It is a wonder to me that you do not ask what brought me, and why I am travelling." "I am not surprised at all," said the King. 'A good father's son like you, and a man of such beauty, ought to travel all nations and see every puople."

"I am not travelling to show myself nor to see people. Men told me that you have an only daughter. I want her in marriage, and 'tis for her sake that I am here."

I have nover heard news I liked better," said the King. " and if my daughter is willing. and her mother is satisfied, you have my blessing.

Art went to the Queen and told her the cause of his coming.
"It the King and my daughter are satisfied," replied sho. "that is the best tale that man

could bring me." Art went to the Princess, and she said: 'if my father and mother are willing your

words are most welcome to me, but there is one obstacle between us; I can marry no man but the man who will bring me the head of the Gruagach of Bungling Leaps." Where is he to be found?" asked Art. 'If 'twas in the east he was I would direct

you to the west, and if 'twas in the west he was I would send you to the east, but not to harm you would I do this, for thousands of men have gone toward that grungach, and not a man of them has ever come back."
"Your opinion of me is not very high. I

must follow my nose and find the road."

Next morning Art took farewell of the King. and went his way travelling to know could he find the gruegach. At that time grungache and inquired till he heard where the grungach At last he came to the castle and chautad

outside, but if he did it was no use for him, he got no answer. Art walked in: found the gruagach on the flat of his back, fast asleep and snoring. The gruagach had a sword in his hand. Art caught the sword, but could not

'Tis hard to say," thought he, "that I could master you awake, if I can do nothing to you in your slumber, but it would be a shame to strike a sleeping man."

He hit the gruagach with the flat of his

grungach opened his eyes, sat up, and said: It would be fitter for you to be herding cows and horses than to be coming to this place to vex me."
"I am not here to give you excuse or satis-

faction." said Art. "but to knock satisfaction out of your head, bones, and legs, and I'll take your head if I can." "It seems, young man, that it is a princess

you want, and she will not marry you without That is the truth."

"What is your name?" asked the gruagach.

and from what country do you come?" My name is Art. and I am son of the King of Leinster in Erin."

Your name is great and there is loud talk of you, but your size is not much; and if the Princess were in question between us, I would think as little of putting that small hill there on the big one beyond it as of killing you. For your father's sake I would not harm you: your father is as good a man for a stranger to reason go home and don't mind me or the long for you and would be sorry to lose you."

Very thankful am I." said Art. "for your kind speech, but as I came so far from home and want the Princess, I'll knock a trial out of

you before I leave this place."

Next morning the two faced each other and fought like wild bulls, wild geese, or wolves, fought all day with spears and swords. Art was growing weak, and was not injuring gruagach till evening, when he thought, "Far away am I from father, mother, home, and country." With that he got the strength of a hundred men, gave one blow to the grungach under the chin and sent his head spinning through the air. That moment the body went down through the earth.

When the body disappeared Art thought the head would come down like any other thing. but the earth opened, and the head flew into the earth and vanished.

I will go back to the castle of the King of Greece," thought Art, "and tell him the whole story." On the way to the castle, and while passing a cabin, a big old man came out of the cabin and cried:
"Welcome, Art, son of the King of Leinster.

It is too far you are going to-night. Stay with me, if you like my entertainment."

Very thankful am I," said Art, " and glad to stay with you. It is weak and tired I am." When he went in the old man stripped him, put him first into a cauldron of venomand then into a cauldron of cure, and he was at well as ever.

Would go against the gruagach to-morrow?" asked the old man.

would if I knew where to find him." You will find him where he was to-day, but he will be twice as strong to-morrow, since you vexed him to-dar."

After breakfast Art went to the castle and found the grungach asleep, as the first time: atruck him with the flat of his sword, but so hard that he saw stars.

Art, son of the King of Leinster, you are and satisfied yet, but you will suffer."
"I am not satisfied," said Art. "I'll have Your head or you will have mine."

"Go home to your father and mother; don't trouble me; that is my advice."
"I am thankful to you," said Art jestingly.

"To you think this one would do?" asked Art.
"I don't know," said one of the men, "it is only for us to try."
The mome at the head was put on the bedy men, head, and body went down through the earth.

earth.

Art went to the old man and told him of all that had happened.

"You were very foolish," said the old man "to do what you did. Why did you not keep the head and bring it to me? I would tell you what to do." The old man cured Art's wounds, and after sunner he asked.

the head and bring it to me? I would tell you what to do. The old man cured Art's wounds, and after supper he asked:

"Will you fight the grungach again?" If will." Well, if you have the luck to kneck the head off him again never part with it till you come to me. Art wents third time to the grungach, struck him with the flat of his sword, and knocked ferns out of his eyes.

"O, ho! Art, son of the King of Leinster, you are not satisfied yet, it sooms. To-day will tell all. You'll fall here."

They went at each other with venom, and each sought the head of the other so flereely that each hair on him would hold an tren apple. The grungach had the upper hand till evening. Art thought of home then, of the young princess, and of the mean ornion that she had of him, and gave such a blow that the grungach's head vanished in the sky. The hody went through the earth, and Art stood as before at the place where it sank till he saw the head coming; he seized it, cut two withes, passed them through the earth, and Art stood as before at the place where it sank till he saw the head coming; he seized it, cut two withes, passed them through the earth, and each belead over his shoulder, and went toward the old man's cabin. He was within one mile of the house when he saw flying from the southeast three ravens, and each bird seemed the size of a horse. At that time a terrible thirst came on him; he put the grungach's head on the ground and stooped down to drink from a spring near the wayside; that increan one of the ravens swept down and carried off the head.

"I am in a worse state now than ever," said Art, iamenting.

He went to the cabin of the old man, who received him well and carred him, and said:
"You moy go home now, since you did not

He went to the cabin of the old man, who received him well and cured him, and said:

"You may go home now, since you did not keep the head when you had it, or you may go into a forest where there is a boar, and that boar is far stronger and thereor than the gruagach, but if you can kill the boar you will win yet, if you do what I tell you. When the boar is dead open the body and hide in it. The three ravens will come after a while to eat, you can eatch one of them, and hold it till the others bring the head.

Art went away to the forest. He was not

is dead open the body and hills. Inc. three three ravens will come after alwhile to eat, you can catch one of them and hold it till the others bring the head."

Art went away to the forest. He was not long in it when the body caught the seem of him and ran at him, snapped at his body, and took pleces out of it. Art defended himself till evening, and was mere losing than gaining, when he remembered home and that frincess who thought so little of his valor. He got the strength of four hundred men them, and made two even halves of the boar. When Art tried to draw his sword it was broken at the hill, and he let three screeches out of him that were heard all over the kingdom. He could not prepare the carcass, so he went to the old man with the sword hill.

A hundred thousand welcomes to you." said the old man, "and you deserve them. You are the best man I have seen in lite." "I on not deserve the welcomes," said Art. "'tis badly the day has gone with me; my sword is broken."

"I will give you a better one," said the old man, taking him to a room where there was nothing but swords. "Here are swords in plenty; take your choice of them."

Art tried many, but broke one after another. At last he caught an old rusty blade and shock it. The sword screeched so flerely that it was heard in seven kingdoms, and his father and mother heard it in Eria.

This blade will do, "said Art."

"Come, now, and we'll prepare the boar," said the old man.

The two went and dressed the boar in the way to give Art room within the body, and a place to seize the raven. The old man went to a hill ton, at a distance, and sat there till he heard the three ravens coming, and they cawing as before; "Oh, it is ye that are coming," thought he. The birds came to the ground and walked about till at last one of them began to peck at the careass. Art caught that one quickly by the neck; the bird struggled and struggled.

"You might as we'll stop," said Art, "you'll not go from me. This fellow's head, or the other twe.

"Kill not our brother," cried they,

other two.
"Kill not our brother," cried they, "we'll "Kill not our brother," cried they, "we'll bring the head quickly."
"He has but two hours to live unless you bring here the head you took from me."
The ravens were not gone one hour when the gruagach's head was in Art's hands, and the raven was free.
"Come home with me now," said the old man. Art went with him. "Show this head

"Come home with me now," said the old man. Art went with him. "Show this head to the Princess," said the old man. "but do not give it to her; bring it back here to me." Art went to the King's castie, and, showing the head to the Princess, said: "Here is the head which you wanted, but I will not marry you." He turned away then, went to the old man, and gave him the head. The old man threw the head on a body which was lying in the cabin; the head and the body became one, and just like the old man.

"Now, Art, king's son from Erin, the gruaged was my brother, and for the last three hundred years he was under the onehantinent of that Princess, the only daughter of the King of Greece. The Princess is old, although she looks young, and he would have killed me as quickly as he would you, and he was to be that way till you should come and cut the head off him and show it to the Princess and not marry her, and i should do as I have done. Go home new my brother, and I will stay here, take care of our forests and be friends to you. A man can find a good wife near home and need not look after foreign women.

Art went to Erin and lived with his father and mother. One morning he saw a ship coming in and only one man on board, the lied Gruagach, and he having a golden apple on the end of a silver spindle and throwing the apple up in the air and catching it on the spindle.

"The Red Gruagach came to Art and asked: "Will you play a game with me?" "I have never refused to play," said Art. "but I have never refused to play," said Art. "but I have never refused to play," said Art. "but I have no dice."

The gruagach took out dice, they played. Art won. "What is your wish?" asked the grungach.

"Get for me in one moment the floest woman."

Art won. "What is your wish?" asked the grungach.
"Get for me in one moment the finest woman on earth with twelve attendant maidens and

on earth with twelve attendant maidens and thirteen horses."
The Red Gruagach ran to his ship, and brought the verman with her maidens; the horses came bridled and saddled. When Art saw the woman he fell in love, took her by the hand, and went to the castle. They were married that day. The Red Gruagach would not sail away, he stayed near the castle and watched. Art's young wife knew this, and would not let her husband go out without her. Two or three months later she fell ill, and sent for the old King. "You must guard Art and keep him safe, said she, "till I recover," Next morning the King was called aside for some reason and Art went out of the castle that moment. At the gate he not the gruagach, who asked him to play. They played with the gruagach's dice, and Art lost.
"Give your sentence," said he to the gruagach.
"You will hear it to soon for your comfort.

gach, who asked him to play. They played with the gruagach's dice, and Art lost.

"Give your sentence," said he to the gruagach.

"You will hear it too soon for your comfort. You are to bring me the swerd of light and the story of the man who has it."

Art's wife saw the hing coming back. "Where is Art's asked she.

"Outside at the gate."

She sprang through the door, though sick, but too late.

"You are not a husband for me now, you must go from me," said she to Art. "The man who has the sword of light is my sister's husband; he has the strength of thousands in him and can run with the speed of wild beasts. You did not know me, did not know that I was me who I was. Now you are in trouble you must go. Sit on the horse that I rode and that the gruagach's daughter; you did not ask me who I was. Now you are in trouble you must go. Sit on the horse that I rode and that the gruagach gave you, take the bridle in your right hand, and lot the horse go where he pleases; he will face the occan, but a road will open before him, and he will never stop till he come's to my father's castle. My father is King Under the Wave. The horse will stop at steps in front of the castle; you will dismount then. My father will ask where you got that steed, and you will say you go him when you won him and the daughter of king Under the Wave from the Ided Gruagach.

Next morning Art took farewell of his wife and his father and mother, started, and never stopned nor dismounted till he came down then.

"Where did you get that horse?" asked King Under the Wave, "and where hersemen need to mount and dismount. He came down then.

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"Ah, tis easily known to me that it was the Foxy Gruagach whose tole my child. Now, who are you and where are you going?"

"I won him and the daughter of King Under the

Erin."
King Under the Wave gave a hundred thousand welcomes to Art then and said:
"You are the best King's son that has ever

lived, and if my daughter was to go from me I am glad that it is to you sho went. It is for the fortune that you are here, I suppose ?"

I am not here for a fortune, but I am in heavy trouble. I am in search of the sword of light?"

WY A COYAN DOWNER.

"I sm thankful to you," said Art jestingly.
"but I'll take a trial of you."
They fought as before. The gruagach had twice the strength of the first day, and Art was knocking no quarters out of him, but sufforing from every blow, h's flesh falling and his blood flowing.

"I am not to last long," thought Art, "unless I can do something." He remembered his father and mother then and how far he was from home; that moment the strength of two hundred men came to him. With one blow he swept off the gruagach's head and sent it twice as far into the sky as on the first day; the body sank through the earth. Art stood at the place where the body had vanished.

When the head was coming slown and was near, he caught it and hold it firmly by the hair, then cutting a withe he thrust it through the ears and, threwing the head over his shoulder, started for the castle of the king of Greece, but before reaching the old manish he met three men and with them a headless hody.

"Where are you going?" asked Art.

"This body lost its head in the Eastern world and we are travelling the earth to know can we find a head to match it."

"Do you think this one would do?" asked Art.

"I don't know," said one of the men, "it is only for us to try."

The mome at the head was put on the body men, head, and body went down through the world hat you are going for that sword I fear that you will not be a son-in-law of mine long. It is the lustsand of another daughter of mine who head to another head will not be a son-in-law of mine long. It is the lustsand of another daughter of mine who head to another head will send servants to the stable to get you the worst horse for to-night; you will not be a son-in-law of mine will grow still be a state word of light now, and while he has it he sould kill the whole world. But I like you here a dwill kill the whole world. But I like you here a wall of the son-in-law of mine, will grow still keep the world had of another than the whole world. But I like you here a world. Balor Belmenach will need the best afte

Beimenach "Wait, and you will get them?"

"Wait, and you will get them."

Art ut spurs to his horse and shot away. Balor Beimenach was after him in a flash. Art's horse was the worst in the stables of King Under the Wave, though better than the best horse in another kingdom. Still Balor was gaining on the wall, with the did balor cut his horse in two behind the saddle, and Art fell in over the wall, but if he did Balor cut his horse in two behind the saddle, and Art fell in over the wall, with the front half.

Balor was raging; he went to his castle, but sleet not a wink—waiked his clamber till morning to know would Art come again.

Next evening Art rode to the windo won a better norse and called out: "Balor Beimer to be the read of the windo won a better norse and called out." Halor Beimer to lowed and followed faster. Art could not reach the gate before him, so he spurred his horse over the wall. Balor cut this one in two just at the saddle. Art tumbled down from the wall with his life.

This enraged Balor more than the first escape; he slept not a wink that night; but was walking around the whole castle and cursing ill morning. The Wave gave Art the best horse in his stable, for the third night, and said: "This is your last chance with horses, I hope you will oscape, but i'm greatly in dread that you will not. Now put this horse to full speed before you shout at Balor and you will have some chance, if your, horse runs with what speed there is in him.

Art obeyed the king, but Balor killed that horse as he had the other two and you will have some chance, if your, horse runs with what speed there is in him.

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Art obeyed the king, but Balor killed that horse as he had the other two and you will have some chance, if you horse runs with what speed there is in him.

Art obeyed the king, but Balor killed that horse as he had the other two and you will have so encaped with his life.

"Well," said King C

the day and night. She collected hunters and hounds who killed six of the wolves. The other six and I were more harmful than ever. A second party killed the other six and I was alone. They surrounded me, there was no escape then. I saw among the hunters my own inther-in-law. I ran to king I ndor the Wave, fell down before him, looked into his face; he pitied and saved me, took me home with him.

"My wife was at her father's that day, and knew me. She begged the king to kill me, but

"My wife was at her father's that day, and knew me. She begged the king to kill me, but he would not; he kept me. I served him well and he loved me. I slept in the castle. One night a great serjent came down the chimney and began to crawl toward the King's little son, sleeping there in the cradle. I saw the serjent and killed it. My wife was at her father's castle that night, and rose lirst on the following morning. She saw the child sleeping and the serjent lying dead. She took the child to her own chamber, rabbed me with ing and the scrient lying dead. She took the child to her own chamber, rabbed me with blood from the serpent, and told the King that I had eaten the child. I begged you long ago to kill that wolf, said she to her father; if you had followed my advice you would not be without your son now. She turned and went out.

"Right there on a table was the rod of en-

wentout.

"Right there on a table was the rod of enchantment which my wife had forzoften. I sprang toward the king: he was startled and struck me with the rod without knowing its nower. I tecame a man, was myselfagain, and told the king my whole story. We went to my wife's chamber. There the king found his son living and well. King Ueder the Wave gave command then to bring seven loads of torf with seven barrels of pitch, and make one pile of them, and burn his daughter and the cripple on the top of the pile.

""Grant me one favor," cried L. 'I will,' said the king. "spare your daughter, she may live better now." I will, said the king, but they will burn the cripple.

"That is my story for you. Go now and tell it to the fled Gruagach, keep the sword in your hand while telling the story, and when you have finished throw the sword into the nir and say. Go to Balor Bermenach!" It will come to me. When you need the sword send me word. I will throw it to you, and we'll have the strength of thousands between us.

Art gave a blessing to all and mounted his wife's steed; the road through the sea opened before him. The wife received him with a hundred thousand welcomes. After that he went to the Red Gruagach, and, holding the sword in the air and said: "Go to Balor Belmenach."

"Why did you not give me the sword?" cried."

"Why did you not give me the sword?" cried." menach."
"Why did you not give me the sword?" cried

the Red Grungach in a rage.
"If I was bound to bring the sword I was not bound to give it to you." answered Art.
"And now leave this place forever." Art lived happily with his wife, and succeeded his father.

THE END OF THE TWELFTH TALE.

From the Detroit Tribune. The heiress frankly told him she would not marry him were he the only man on earth. He was, naturally, a triffe discouraged. It was a lovely midstummer night. The air was soft and balmy and the water lay in glassy caim, reflecting the deep blue of the sky, sown

was soft and balmy and calm, reflecting the deep blue of the Bay, with golden stars.

Her glance rested upon her white hand as it absently splashed the water. She had made all the negative asseverations that occurred to her mind.

"Never," she declared, calmly, but with un-Never." she declared, calmly, but with un-yielding irmness.
Then "he hissed, "I will keep you here in the middle of the lake until you give your consent. Aha!"
The girl laughed mockingly, and drew her manile more closely about her.
"As you like," she murmured, with maddening coolness. ing coolness.
He saw that he was foiled. With a shudder he remembered that he had spent \$2 for the boat.

boat.

"I must recoup mysolf," he muttered.
Drawing a package from his pocket, he turned his white, set face toward the heiress.

"Woman," he harshly exclaimed, "you have spurned my leve. All I ask of you is that you purchase a box of our new corn remover. You will find it infaitible."
She shock her head, and the blinding tears filled his eyes. He felt like an outcast.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

Author of "The Adventures of Sherlock Rolmes," "Mical Clarke," "The White Company."

CHAPTER VI.-A WANDERING EAGLE. My father seemed to be much of Jim Hors-croft's opinion, for he was not over warm to his new guest, and looked him up and down with a very questioning eye. He set a dish of vinegared herrings before him, however, and I noticed that he looked more askanes than ever when my companion ato nine of them, for two were always our portion. When at last he had finished. Bonaventure de Lapp's lids were drooping over his eyes, for I doubt not that he had been sleepless as well as foodless for these three days. It was but a poor down upon the couch, wrapped his big blue cloak around him and was asleep in a instant. He was a very high and strong snorer, and, as my room was next to his, I had reason to remember that we had a stranger within

our gates.

When I came down in the morning I found was seated opposite my father at the window table in the kitchen, their heads almost touching, and a little roll of gold pieces between them. As I came in my father looked up at me, and I saw a light of greed in his eyes such as I had never seen before. He caught up the money with an eager clutch, and swept it into his pocket.
"Very good, mister," said he. "The room's

yours, and you pay always on the third of the

"Ah, and here is my first friend," cried De Lapp, holding out his hand to me with a smile which was kindly enough, and yet had that touch of patronage which a man uses when he smiles to his dog. "I am myself again now, thanks to my excellent supper and good night's rest. Ah. it is hunger that takes the courage from a man. That most, and cold

"Age, that's right," said my father, "I've been out on the moors in a snowdrift for sixand-thirty hours, and I ken what it is like." "I once saw 3,000 men starve to death," remarked De Lapp, putting out his hands to the

fire. "Day by day they got thinner and more like apes, and they did come down to the edge of the pontoons where we did keep them, and they howled with rage and pain. The first few days their howls went over the whole city. but after a week our sentries on the bank could not hear them, so weak they had fallen."

"They held out a very long time. Austria: grenadiers they were, of the corps of Starowitz, fine, stout men, as big as your friend of yesterday; but when the town fell there were but 400 alive, and a man could lift them three at a time, as if they were little monkeys. It was a pity. Ak, my friend, you will do me the honors with madame and with mademoiselle." It was my mother and Edie who had come into the kitchen. He had not seen them the keep my face as I watched him, for, instead of like a louping trout, and slid his foot and clapped his hand over his heart in the queerest way. My mother stared, for she thought he was making fun of her, but Cousin Edie fell into it in an instant, as though it had been a game, and away she went in a great courtesy, until I thought she would have had to give it up and sit right down there in the middle of as light as a piece of fluff, and we all drew up and porridge.

man. Now, if I were to do it, or Jim Hors-croit, it would look as if we were playing the fool, and the girls would have laughed at us; but with him it seemed to go with his style of face and fashion of speech, so that one came at last to look for it. For when he spoke to my mother orto Cousin Edie—and he was never backward in speaking—it would always be with a bow and a look as if it would hardly be worth their while to listen to what he had to a face as though every word they said was to be treasured up and remembered forever. And yet, even while he humbled himself to a woman, there was always a proud sort of look at the back of his eye, as if he meant to say that it was only to them that he was so meek, and that he could be stiff enough upon occasion. As to my mother, it was wonderful the way that she softened to him, and in half an hour she had told him all about her uncle, who was a surgeon in Carlisle and the highest of any upon her side of the house. She spoke to him about my brother Rob's death, which I had never heard her mention to a soul before, and he looked as if the tears were in his eyes over it—he who had just told us how he had seen 3,000 men starved to death. As to Edje, she did not say much, but she kept shooting little glanees at our visitor, and once or twice he looked very hard at her.

When he had gone to his room, after breakfast, my father pulled out eight golden pounds and laid them on the table.

"What think ye of that, Martha?" said he.

"You've sold the two black tups after all?"

"No, but it's a month's pay for board and lodging from Jock's friend, and as much."

"Close at the head soldiers, were told to take the battery, and there was nothing fine at out their tery, and there was nothing fine at out their tery, and there was nothing fine at out their tery, and there was nothing fine at out their tery, and there was nothing fine at out their tery, and there was nothing fine at out their tery, and there was nothing fine at out their tery, and there was nothing fine at out their tery, and there was nothing fine at out their tery, and there was nothing fine at out their tery, and there was nothing fine at out their tery, and there was nothing fine at out their tery, and there was nothing fine at out their tery, and there was nothing fine at out their and pelotons of support, but in the ninutes the guns activance, no columns, and the same per the defender, and pelotons of support, but in the ninutes the guns activated his sequence, and pelotons of support, but in the minutes the guns activated his sequence, and pelotons of support, but in the minutes the guns activated his sequence, and pelotons of support, but in the minutes the subremed his leguence, and pelotons o

"No, but it's a month's pay for board and lodging from Jock's friend, and as much to come every four weeks."

But my mother shook head when she heard It. "Two pounds a week is over much," said she. "And it is not when the poor gentleman is in distress that we should put such a price on his bit food."

"Tut!" cried my father. "He can very well afford it, and he with a bagful of gold. Besides, it's his own proposing."
"No blessing will come from that money."

"Why, woman, he's turned your head wi' his foreign trick of speech." said my father.
"Aye, and it would be a good thing if Scottish men had a little more of that kindly way." she said, and that was the first time in all my life that I had ever heard her answer him back. He came down soon and asked me whether I would come out with him. When we were in the sunshine he held out a little cross made

in the sunshino he held out a little cross made of red stones, one of the bonniest things that ever I had set eves upon.

"These are rubies," said he, "and I got it at Tudela, in Spain. There were two of them, but I gave the other to a Lithuanian girl. I pray that you will take this as a memory of your exceeding kindness to me yesterday. It will fashion into a pin for your cravat."

I could not thank him for the present, which was of more value than anything I had ever owned in my life.

"I am off to the upper muir to count the lambs," said I. "Maybe you would care to come up with me and see something of the country?"

Ite hesitated for a moment, and then he shock his head.

country?"

He hesitated for a moment, and then he shock his head.

"I have some letters." he said, "which I ought to write as soon as possible. I think that I will stay at quiet this morning and get them written.

All forenoon I was wandering over the links and you may imagine that my mind was turning all the time upon this strange man whom chance had drifted to our doors. Where did he gain that slyle of his, that manner of command, that laughty, menacing glist of the eye? And his experiences to which he referred so lightly, how wonderful the life must have been which had put him in the way of them. He had been kind to us and gracious of speech, but still I could not quite shake my-self clear of the distrust with which I had regarded thim. Perhairs, after all, Jim Horseroff had been right and I had been wrong about taking him to West Inch.

When I got back he looked as though he had been born and bred in the steading. He sat in the big woodon-armed ingle chair, with the black cat on his knee. His arms were out, and he held a skein of worsted from hand to hand, which my mother was busily rolling into a I all. Cousi, Edie was sitting near, and I could see by her eyes that she had been erying.

"Hullo! Edie," said I: "what's the trouble?"

Guadarama Mountains in the winter of 1808.

Ah. yes, it was very bad, for they were fine men and fine horses. It is atrange to see men blown by the wind over the precipices, but the ground was so slippy, and there was nothing to which they could hold. So companies all linked arms, and they did better in that fashion; but one artillery man's hand came off as I held it, for he had had the frost bite for three days.

ion; but one artillery man's hand came off as I held it, for he had had the frost bite for three days."

I stood staring, with my mouth open.

"And the old grenadiers, too, who were not as active as they used to be, they could not seen up; and yet if they lingered the peasants would catch them and crucify them to the barn doors with their feet up and a fire under their heads, which was a nity for these fine old soldiers. So, when they could go no farther, it was interesting to see what they would do. For they would sit down and say their prayers, sitting on an old saddle, or their knaftsacks, maybe, and then take off their boot and their stocking, and lean their clin on the barrel of their muskel. Then they would put their toe on the trigger, and poof! It was all over, and there was no more marching for those fine old grenadiers. Oh! It was very rough work up there on the Gundarama Mountains."

"And what army was this?" I saked.

"Oh! I have served in so many armies that I mix them un sometimes, Yes. I have seen much of war. Apropos, I have seen your scotch men fight, and very stout fandessins they make; but I thought from them that the folk over here all were—how do you say It?—petticoats.

"Those are the kilts, and they wear them only in the Highlands."

"As, on the mountains. But there is a man out yonder. Maybe he is the one who your father said would carry my letters to the rost."

"Yes, he is Farmer Whitehead's man. Shall I give them to him?"

"Well, he would be more careful of them if he had them from your hand." He took them from his pocket and gave them over to me. I hurried out with them, and as I did so my eyes fell upon the address of the topmost one. It was written very large and clear.

"As, A, Mayeste."

res lell upon the address of the topmost one. It was written very large and clear.

"A.S. A. Majesté.

"Le Roi du Suède.

"Stockholm."

I did not know very much French, but I had enough to make that out. What sort of eagle was this which had flown into our humble littie nost.

Well, it would weary me, and I am very sure it would weary you also, if I were to attempt to tell you how life went with us after this man came under our roof, or the way in which he gradually came to win the affections of everyone of us. With the women it was quick work enough, but soon he had thawei my inther, too, which was no such easy matter, and had gained Jim Horseroft's good will as well as my own. Indeed, we were but two great boys beside him, for he had been everywhere and seen everything, and of an evenening he would chatter away in his limping. English until he took us clean away from the plain kitchen and the little farm-steading, to plunge us into couris and camps and battlefields, and all the wonders of the world. Horseroft had been sulky enough with him at first, but be Lapp, with his tast and his easy ways, soon drew him round until he had quite won his heart, and Jim would sit with Cousin Edte's mand in his, and the two to quite lost in listening to all that he had to tell us. I will not tell you all this, but even now, after so long an interval, I can trace how, week by week and month by month, by this word and that deed, he moulded us all as he wished.

One of his first acts was to give my father the boat in which he had come, reserving only CHAPTER VIL -- THE PORRIEMULE PEEL TOWER

us. I will not tell you all this, but even now, after so long an interval, I can trace how, after so long an interval, I can trace how, word and that deed, he moulded us all as he wished.

One of his first acts was to give my father the boat in which he had come reserving only that he had come reserving only have need of it. The herring were down on the coast that autumn, and my uncle, before he died, had given us a fine set of nets, so the git was worth many a point to us. Something the sound of a string, I could not think what he was can all a heave seen him for a whole summer day rowing slowly along, and stomping every half dozen strokes to throw over a stome at the end of a string. I could not think what he was "I am fond of studying all that has to do with the military," said he, "and I never lose a chance. I was wondering if it would be a difficult matter for the commander of an army." If the wind were not from the cast, "had," "Ah, quite so, if the wind were not from the cast," said, I. "Ah, quite so, if the wind were not from the cast, "have you taken soundings here?"

"Your line of battle ships would have to lie outside, but there is water enough for a forty gun frigate right up within musket range. Cram your boats with trailieurs, deploy them humbows see some hills, then back with the headers, said I indignantly.

"You regret that our residiers would be upon the beach," said I indignantly.

"You regret that our residiers would be upon the beach," said I, indignantly.

"You regret that our residiers would be upon the beach," said I, indignantly, and the said the said that the would be done." His moustachies to reside the said that the would be done." His moustachies to reside the said that the would be conserved to the said that the would be said to the said that the would be said to the sai

my cavalry, push the infantry on in grand columns, and that wing would find itself up in the air. Eh. Jack, where would your volunteers be?

"Close at the heels of your hindmost man." said I, and we both burst out into the hearty laugh with which such discussions usually ended.

Sometimes, when he talked. I thought he was joking, and at other times it was not quite so easy to say. I well remember one evening that simmer when he was sitting in the kitchen with my father, Jim, and me, after the women had gone to bed, he began about Scotland and its relation to England.

"You used to have your own king, and your own laws made at Edinburgh," said he: "does it not fill you with rage and despair when you think that it all comes to you from London how?

Jim took his pipe out of his mouth. "It was we who put our King over the English, so if there's any rage it should have been over yonder," said he.

This was clearly news to the stranger, and it silenced him for the moment.

"Well, but your laws are made down there, and surely that is not good," he said at last.

"No, it would be well to have a Parliament back in Edinburgh," said my father;" but I am kept so busy with the sheep that I have little casough time to think of such things.

"It is for line young men like you two to think of it," said De Lapp. "When a country is mjured it is to its young men that it looks to avenge it."

"Well, if there are many of that way of thinking about, why should we not form them into hattalions and march them upon London? Cried De Lapp.

"That would he a rare little picnic," said I, laughing: "and who would load us?"

He jumped up, bowing, with his hand on his heart in his queer fastion. "If you would allow me to have the honor?" he cried, and then, seeing that we were all laughing, he began to laugh also, but I am sure that there was really no thought to a love in his mind.

I could never make out what his age could be, nor could Jim Horseroft either. Some-fines we thought that he was an oldish man

laugh also, but I am sure that there was really no thought of a joke in his mind.

I could never make out what his age could be, nor could Jim Horseroft either. Sometimes we thought that he was an oldish man that looked young, and at others that he was a youngish man who looked old. His brown, stiff, close-cropped hair needed no cropping at the top where it thinned away to a shining curve. His skin, too, was intersected by a thousand the wrinkles, lacing and interlacing, and was all burned, as I have already said, by the sun. Yet he was as little as a boy, and he was as tough as whatebone, walking all day ever the hills, or rowing on the sea, without turning a hair. On the whole, we thought that he might be about forty or forty-live though it was hard to see how he could have seen so much of life in that time. But one day we got talking of ages, and then he surprised us.

I had been saying that I was just twenty, and Jim said that he was twenty-seven.

"Then I am the most old of the three," said De Lapp.

We laughed at this, for by our reckoning he might almost have been our father.

But not by so much," said he arching his

TAKE

AYER'S Sarsaparilla at all seasons. In the Spring, it removes that tired feeling, cleanses and vitalizes the circulation, and prepares one to successfully contend with the debilitating effects of the heated term. In the Summer, it quickens the appetite, regulates the liver, and makes the weak strong. In the Antumn, it tones up the nerves and protects the system from malarial influences. In the Winter, it enriches the blood, and invigorates every organ and tissue of the body.

AYER'S

expels the poison of Scrofula and Catarrh and the acid that causes Rheumatism. It makes food nourishing, work pleasant, sleep refreshing. and life enjoyable. It is the Superior Medicine. Miss A. L. Collins, Dighton, Mass., writes: "For five years, I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla each spring and fall and received wonderful benefit from it." George Gay, 70 Cross St., Centre Falls, R. L., says that for spring and summer complaints, he has found no other medicine equal to AYER'S

## SARSAPARILLA

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists Everywhere. Has cured others, will cure you

car when I was twenty. I had a hard in making a kingdom and putting a fresh king upon a fresh throne the very year that I camed age. Mon Dies! I have fived my lite."

That was the most I ever heard him confess of his past life, and he only shook his head and laughed when we tried to get something more out of him. There were times when we thought that he was but a elever impostor—for what could a man of such influence and far, end my affairs. "Your father can speak for himself, and thought that he was but a elever impostor—for what could a man of such influence and far, end my affairs." "Your father can speak for himself, and thought that he was but a elever impostor—for what could a man of such influence and far, and imy tather would not like them, either." "Your father can speak for himself, and they are in my affairs." "I don't like these secret doings," said J, and imy affairs." "Your father can speak for himself, and my affairs." "Your father can speak for himself, and they are in my affairs." "Your father can speak for himself, and they are in my affairs." "Your father can speak for himself, and my affairs." "Your father can speak for himself, and they are in my affairs." "And, without so much as a nod, he swiftly to West Inch. Well, I followed him, and in the worst of tempers, for I had a beging that there was some mischelf in the wind, and yet I could not some possible in the wind, and yet I could not some possible in the wind, and yet I could not enter the first days after his return he came down to see us, and there." I had a beging over the whole some possible in the autumn. One of the first days after his return he came down to see us, and there." I had a beging over the whole may be a see of the proper of the first days after his return he came down to see us, and there." The first time he could there be to say about in my life fail I look upon so astonished a face, and he stared at our friend for a long minute without so much as a not of the my and the wind, and yet I could not some possible in the The past.

You will remember that there was an old officer of the Peninsular war who lived no great way from us, the same who canned round the boaffre with his sister and the two males. He had gone up to London on some business about his pension and his wound money and the chance of baving some work given him, so that he did not come back until late in the autumn. One of the first days after his roturn he came down to see us, and there, for the first time, be clapped eyes on De Larg. Never in my life did I look upon so astonished a face, and he stared at our friend for a long minute without so much as a word. De Larg looked back at him equally hard, but there was no recognition in his eyes.

"I do not know who you are, sir," he said at last, "but you look at me as if you had seen me before.

"So I have," answered the Major.
"Never to my knowledge."
"But I'll swear it."
"Where, then?"
"At the village of Astovga, in the year '8."

could flud an answer to it all. And yet an answer hombways had, and was so ready and quick with his tongue, and so anxious to amise her, that I wondered how it was that she did not like him better.

Well, the summer and the airtuma and the best part of the winter passed away, and we were still all very harrey together. We got well into the year 1815, and the great Emperor was still eating his heart cut at Elba, and all the Ambassadors were wrangling together at Vienna as to what they should do with the lion's skin now that they had so lairly hunted him down. And we, in our little corner of Europe wont on with our petty, peaceful business, looking after the sheep, attending the Berwick cattle fairs, and chatting at night round the blazing peat fice. We never thought that what all these high and mighty recode were doing could have any hearing upon us, and as to war—why, everybody was agreed that the great shadow was lifted from us forever, and that, unless the allies quarreiled among themselves, there would it be a shot fired in Europe for another fifty years.

There was one inclident however, that

Iffy years.

There was one incident, however, that stands out very clearly in my memory-I think that it most have happened about the February of this year-and I will tell it to you before I go any further.

You know what the Border peel castles are

ary of this year—and I will tell it to you before I go any further.

You know what the Border peel castles are like, I have no doubt. They were just square keeps, built every here and there along the line, so that the folk might have some place of protection against raiders and moss-troopers. When Perev and his men were ever the Marches, then the people would drive some of their earlie into the vard of the tower, shut up the big gate, and light a fire in the brazier at the tor, which would be answered by all other peel-towers, until the lights would go twinking up to the Lammermur hills, and so carry the news on to the Penthads and to Edinburgh. But now, of course, all these old keeps were warped and crumbling, and made fine nesting-places for the wild tirds. Many a good egg have I had for my collection out of the Corriemur peel tower.

One day I had a very long walk, away over to leave a message at the Laidhaw Armstrongs, who live two miles on this side of Ayton. About 5 o clock, just before the sunset, I found myself on the brac path, will the galle end of West inch peeping my in front of me, and the old peel tower bring on my left. I turned my cyos on the keep, for it looked so fine with the flush of the level sun beating full upon it, and the blue sea stretching out behind. And as I starred I suddenly saw the face of a man twinkle for a moment in one of the holes in the wall.

Well, Ustood and wondered over this, for what could anybody be doing in such a place now that it was so queer that I was determined to come to the beatom of it; so, tired as I was, I turned my shoulder on home and walked swiftly lowers the tower. The grass stretches right up to the very base of the walk and my feet made lifts noise until I reached the crumbing meth where the old gate used to be. I peeped through, and there was bonaventure and it age to the very hole at which I had seen his face. He was starring with all his eyes over in the direction of West Inch. As Ladvanced, my feet made lifts no walk and my feet made for an analym

Hullo!" said I. " what are you doing here?" I may ask you find, said he. regarded him. Ferhaps, after all, Jim Horscroft had been right and I had been wrong
about taking him twest Inch.
When I got back he looked as though he had
been born and bred in the steading. He sat
in the big wooden-armed ingle chair, with
and he held a skein of worsted from hand to
hand, which my mother was busily rolling
into a I all. Cousin Edie was sitting near, and
I could see by her eyes that she had been
crying.
"Hullo! Edie," said I: "what's the trouble?"
"Ah, mademoiselle, like all good and true
women, has a soft heart, said he. "I didn't
thought it would have mored her, or I should
have been silent. I have been taking of the
suffering of some troops of which I knew
something, when they were crossing the

much of life in that time. But one day we got
taking of ages, and then he surprised us.
I had been saying that I was just twenty, and
the substituenty, and
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lim said that he sat strenty, said
the substituenty, and
the substituenty and
the substituenty. And
lim said that he was twenty-seven.

"Then I am the most old of the three," said
the three," said
the attempting the said was just the served. I have very much interest for all that
has to do with the midtary, and, of course,
castles are among them. You will excuse me
for one moment, my dear Jack, and he
safe, and the action were
suffered. I have very much interest for all that
has to do with the midtary, and, of course,
castles are among them. You will the was the twenty in December."
And it was this even more than his tak
which made us understand what an extraor.

"In have lived, I have lived, I he cried." I
have super the course, the said od with the midtary, and
window."

"I all to use due to the window."

"And I became up the cause, as you may well have observed. I have very I have to do with the midtary, and the save there."

"An

antout in Berwickshire. And besides, Major Elliott knew all about him, and he would not show him such respect if there was anything amiss.

I had just got as far as this in my thoughts when I heard a cheery hall and there was the Major himself coming down the hill from his house, with his buildog. Houndor, held in leash. This dog was a savage creature, and had caused more than one accident on the country side, but the M jor was very fond of it, and would never go out without it, though he kept It thed with a good, thick thong of leather. Well, just as I was looking at the Major, waiting for him to come up, he stumbled with his lame leg over a branch of gorse, and in recovering himself he let go his hold of the leash, and in an instant there was the heast of a dog flying down the hillside in my direction.

I did not like it, I can tell you, for there was neither stick nor stone about, and I knew that the brate was dangerous. The Major was shricking to it from behind, and I think that the creature thought that he was hallooning it on, so inriously did it rush. But I knew its name, and I thought that maybe that might give me the privileges of acquaintanceship; so as it came at me with bristling hair and its nose screwed back between its two red eyes. I cried out, "Bounder! Bounder!" at the beast passed me with a snarl, and flew along the path on the traces of Bounderture de Lapp. He turned at the shouting, and seemed to take in the whole thing at a glance but he strolled along as slowly as ever. My heart was in my mouth for him, for the dog had never seen him before, and I ran as fast as my feet would carry me to drag it away from him. But somehow, as it bounded up and saw the twiftering finger and thumb which De Lapp held out behind him, its fury died suddenly away, and we saw it wagging its thumb of a tail and clawing at his knee.

Your dog, then, Major? said he, as its owner came hobbling up, Ah, it is a fine beast a fine, pretty thing.

The Major was bowing hard, for he had covered the ground nearly as fast as

"I was afraid lest he might have hurt you." he panted.

Ta ta, ta! "cried De Lapp. "He is a pretty, gentle thing. I always love the dogs. But I am glad that I met you, Major, for here is this young gentleman, to whom I owe very much, who has begun to think that I am a spy. Is it not so, Jack?"

I was so taken aback by his words that I could not lay my tongue to an answer, but colored un and looked askance, like the awkward country lad that I was.

"You know me, Major," said De Lapp. "You know me, and I am sure that you will tell him that this could not be."

No, no, Jack! Gertainly not! Certainly not!" eried the Major.

"Thank you," said De Lapp. "You know me, and you do me justice. And yourself, I hope that your knee is better, and that you will soon have your regiment given you."

"I am well enough, answered the Major: but they will never give me a place unless there is war, and there will be no more war in my time." Oh; you think that" said De Lapp, with a

my time."
Oh! you think that!" said De Lapp. will nous rerrous! We shall

on; you think that? said De Lapp, with a snile. Well, more reproas! We shall see, my friend! He whisked off his hat, and, turning briskly, he walked off in the direction of West Inch. The Major stood looking after him with thoughtful eyes, and then asked me what it was that had made me think that he was a spy. When I told him he said nothing, but he shook his head and looked like a man who was ill at ease in his mind. To be Continued.

THE ARIZONA KICKER. It Given News Chitmany, Lightning doe's

Mishap, and Natis a Canard. ORITUARY.-News reached us two or three lays ago of the sudden death of our esteemed fellow townsman, Capt, John Williams, who was temporarily sojourning at Rockville, U. T., in hopes to benefit his health. His demise came about just as we had many times pre-dicted it would. While the Captain was honesty itself in all business affairs, he would slip an ace up his sleeve in playing poker. We had personally detected him in the trick at least lifty times, and everybody here thoroughly understood his failing and made allowances. He shouldn't have attempted to play with a stranger at all, as he never carried a gun; but man from Salt Lake, and had worked three out of the four aces up his sleeve when suddenly called from earth away. The Salt Lake man didn't know of his failing, of course, and the Coroner's jury will doubtless return a ver-dict of "justifiable homicide." The deceased was charitable, kind hearted, and a loyal friend, wherever he gave his triendship. He

leaves a wife who was devoted to him, al-

though his sudden taking off was no surprise

leaves a wife who was devoted to him, although his sudden taking off was no surprise to her. She knew that he must either quit to her. She knew that he must either quit to her. She knew that he must either quit to her. She knew that he must either quit to her. She knew that he must either quit to her. She knew that he was inevitable that he would some day run up against a stranger full of rusiness.

Lost his Mule. Among the freighters who arrived here brishy afternoon was a fellow arrived here brishy afternoon was a fellow maned Laghtnung. Joe. When some of the hoys tool him that the Mayor of this town (who is ourself not only attended church on Sunday, but led the choir, passed the contribution hox, and assisted in a general way to rus things, and assisted in a general way for a boiled shift, a pair of yellow kids, and had his pants made in Denver, with regular crosses in the hind part of the leas, Joseph decided that the wave of silization must be checked. After cleaning to his guns and buying fifty extracarticines he beth is mule against \$10 that he could shoot the hat off his Honor's head and get away without a scratch. The trial was made sunday afternoon within a block of the church editice.

Joseph was waiting for a lim dandy to come along, and when it appeared he started in to win the wazer. There was a smile of confidence on his face, and the expression in his eyes bad changed to surprise and alarm. He spont his Sunday in the lockup, and Monday morning naid ten dollars fine and had his guns confiseated for the butefit of the road lund. He had nothing whatever to say, except that he wanter to go off somewhere for a week or two, and think if ever and try and make out just how it all happoned. Our esteemed contomporary is out in a column article this week hugded. The Mayor Attempts to Assassinate Ashranger, but that was to be expected to survive. The item is a canard. The present official was appointed two years ago. During this internation, or her is had been as an item to the effect that we shot the Fost